VARYING AND DELICATE COLOR SHADES

Likely to Be.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.



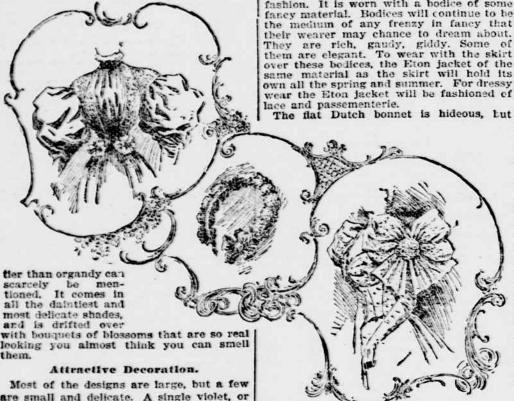
culled from a celebrated French authority, that will create some little concircles: "It will take American women the eminently huge sleeves and the immense flaring skirts they hear such fairy stories about are not.

and have not been, the vogue in Paris. Moderately large sleeves and gracefully flaring skirts, not excessively wide, have prevailed and are still la mode, and are likely to continue also to be favored by the most celebrated ateliers in France for menths to come.'

Think of that, will you? After we have fairly bankrupted ourselves in the purchase of material to make dress skirts, and broken our backs carrying the weight of goods around! It is just too mean for anything! Furthermore, American modistes are telling their deluded customers that skirts are growing yet wider for spring and summer wear, and that eight yards around will be a modest limit. The text of this celebrated French authority and its iliustrations do not agree, however, and the women are pictured in petticoats that flare like those of a ballet dancer. Truth to tell, women do not pay a great deal of attention to the letter of fashion anyhow.

They take the suggestion and dress it up to suit their individual needs, and that makes American women the best dressed in the world. American women, as a class, have not worn the excessively wide complained of by the French authority. The well-groomed woman has too much sense to go to the extreme in anything. She leaves the ultra styles to the woman who is not quite sure of her position; who longs to be talked about and knows that the last new fad in dress carried to the limit will bring the desired end quicker than any other method she may adopt.

It is true that the skirts are going to be coming season, but have you seen the fabrics that they will be made of Why, they are so sheer and fine that you will be able to draw the whole skirt through your finger ring, and unless a woman wants to give the impression of cari-caturing Godiva, she has got to wear wide skirts. The stores are full of them, the new summer goods. Of course, that gives one the cold shivers, but now is a good time to study over the question of summer gowns, when it is too cold to do anything else. Organdy will be the craze, if the counters tell the truth, and anything pret-



are small and delicate. A single violet, or a long-stemmed crocus with a leaf or two The purple Iris is one of the favorites, and an exquisite half-blown moss rose is another that attracted universal attention. These organdies are to be worn over colored slips, and will have a great deal of ribbon garniture, and quantities of lace. By the way, lace will be more worn during the summer than ever before. The always favorite Chantilly will be in the fore front. It comes in beautiful new patterns for bediess and for spring wraps, and some elegant pieces of jetted Chantilly and net laces are shown already. For the organdies and mulls, some delicate white laces are exhibited, which have net tops, with borders of Milanese, Spanish and Pompadour patterns interwoven in bewitching designs. The Vandyke laces will be as much in demand as ever, but will come in the soft Chantilly patterns.

The new French lawns are as charming as can possibly be imagined. They come in very fine quality and at reasonable prices. The flower tracings take one back to great-grandmother's day, and it seems as though there cught to come from them the laverder and sandal wood scents that used to cling around her garments. Delicate shades of green predominate, and pink, real blush rose pink, comes next. Helictrope in its varying shades will be as much worn as ever, and blue seems to have taken a new lease on life, too. Of course the silk mulis and dotted Swisses are out in force. They will have colored them, or can be worn in all their virgin purity, if so desired. To wear with these organdies and lawns, and with sheer white goods, are ribbons with bouquets of flowers embroidered on them. At least, they look to be, and some others look as though they been done in water colors they are so exquisitely lovely. If it were possible make ribbons any more the vogue, these pretty flower-sprinkled designs would accomplish it, but as ribbons are already worn on everything everywhere, one can only say that a new phase of them has



There is a decided change in sleeves. They drop-or they droop-just as you like to state it. For ball gowns, they simply slide right off the shoulder, as in the design, which represents a bowknot sleeve of lisse caught in the center, with a flower or any fancy thing you like to put there. This sleeve may be said to "drop," for though the shoulder, as in the design, which represents a bowknot sleeve of lisse of the women candidates for the legislature, a local wag offered this toast: "To the women of Colorado—God bless 'em! Formerly our superiors; now our equals!"

Thends represent to lim an that is worth knowing of life; in fact, her sway over his knowing of life; in fact, her sway over his knowing of life; in fact, her sway over his the spaces between the strips of means of the microphone, and there with his teacher.

With no stimulus at home, in the shape of parents who are interested in what he ever.

COMING FASHIONS

it really will not, you momentarily expect it to, and the suspense as you see round white shoulders shrug themselves free above the filmsy thing is simply awful. Some bodices, as though to reassure the bodices, have straps of velvet or ribbon passing over the strapled wall to the front. Chilly to Think About, but Summer passing over the shoulder well to the front, but they take away half the fun of the risque drop sleeve. The "drooping s'ceve" has not much in its favor, unless you have a very fine pair of shoulders. Its effect, as will be seen, is to lengthen the shoulder effect by showing the upper arm, and to broaden one across the bust by making the puff widen out at the elbow. This puff in some of the very latest sleeves is three yards around. This sleeve, on a woman who could wear sackcloth and grace it, Crepon is the Gown Goods and is will, of course, make a stylish appearance; but on a woman who gets her ideas of what is stylish from the magazines of her modiste, and makes no effort at adapta-tion, this sleeve will look like the mischief, till we get used to it.

We are to be creponed to death this spring. The epidemic is already on us, even before Lent gives us an opportunity to study effectively spring materials. Cre-pon is distinctly stylish, and decidedly pretty. A crepon gown gives one a well-dressed appearance. But when one sees crepon on the shop girl, shopper, and the shop counters, almost to the exclusion of all other wool fabrics one gets tired of it, and that is all there is to say about it. Still, crepon is the gown goods of the present moment, and unless there is a rapid change in sentiment it will be worn all the spring. It comes in wool, siik and cotton. It costs a fortune for the finest, and a few cents for the cheapest, and it all usual six months to has a singularly distinguished air. They discover that the pre-



The Coming Styles. For spring tailor-made gowns for traveling and street gowns canvas and basket cloth effects in light-weight wools will be wern. They will be strong rivals of English serge, but will probably have to end by dividing favor with the serges, since nothing more durable for all-around purposes was ever invented. The serges come with a silk stitch shot over them in a contrasting color, which is a very pretty noveity. All the spring materials are in light shades, green and brown with red being the favorite colors. Silk-warp henrietta will be wern for house gowns and more ceremonious wear outdoors. It will be combined with silk or satin, and the stylish garniture will be passementerle. Mohairs and fancy popilns will be worn more this sea-

son than for some time past.

Many of the newer designs show a simulated overskirt, but the overskirt itself is only a suggestion. The favorite skirt is perfectly plain, flaring at the bottom, smoothly fitted around the hips, and just escaping the floor in that jaunty French fashion. It is worn with a bodice of some fancy material. Bodices will continue to be the medium of any frenzy in fancy that their wearer may chance to dream about. them are elegant. To wear with the skirt over these bodices, the Eton jacket of the same material as the skirt will hold its wear the Eton jacket will be fashioned of

it is here. It looks like a pan cake on a spree. It squats down on the head behind, just above the knot of hair, and suddenly bulges out at the sides in rosettes or bows or artificial flowers, and sprouts up in front in a surprising and very disconcerting manner. Another phase of it is a gigantic bow with rows of immense half-blown There is nothing else of it worth mentioning. One of the spring shapes in a walking hat is rather chic. It has a rosette right in

over the brim above with a rosette of velvet above each ear. A pretty bodice for the summer stuffs has crossed front effect, and the longer shoulder hidden under a pretty fancy shoulder straps. The upper part of bodice is of alternate rows of insertion and is finished with a pearl gorgette. Pearls or their imitation are worn with everything. They are the fancy of the of roses or bunches of violets, fastened to a ribbon band and tied with a jaunty bow of ribbon, are seen on everything. Even street gowns are thus adorned.

front and a row of loops drooping a little

THE DINNER TABLE.

Simplicity Marks the Bill of Fare and the Decorations.

From the New York Times. The fashions of the day all tend toward this refinement. Small means no longer excuse unkempt table fixtures or badly prepared food. Shining silver, sparkling glass, brilliant porcelain, a bit of color in flower or embroidery, with immaculate linen, though all be of a very modest cost, now hold a place in the wise mother's home and are not reserved for company times, but are in evidence every day. Fortunate indeed was it when fashion reached the family board and ordered her transformation. Cleopatra, with her dissolving pearls, eating from gold platters and drinking from jeweled goblets, knew little of the real refinement of the table. In days gone by "skillful bone picking" was consummate table art, and after the operation was performed the remnants found the floor, to keep company with the rushes beneath the

Simplicity nowadays marks the most formal tanquet as well as home entertain-ment. A "loaded-down" table has been relegated, along with other old-fashioned customs, to the garret of our grandmothers' traditions. Sideboard serving has done away with the luxury of unpracticed carving, which sometimes spread "wings" as well as "eagles" on tablecloth and laps. The serving is considerably simpler in consequence, even when one servant is maid of all work. Haphazard passing and con-fusion around the table among eager youngsters and strange guests anxious to help and be helped are avoided. A little training soon gets the unruly ones into trim, and gives Bridget, however stupid, a simple routine of procedure which avoids the displacement of dishes and table decorations. The properly served table has lost, at the end of the meal, none of its original

Women in Politics. From the New York Evening World.

WOMEN AT HOME

A Mother's Duties More Important Than Public Work.

THE PRINCIPLE OF HOME BUILDING

New Fangled Heresies Divorcing Mothers From Their Families.

LEFT TO THE SERVANTS

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.



HAD A CALL SATurday from a woman who is devoted to public work, politics, foreign missions and co-operative housekeeping, with a dash of the higher education for women, and so forth and so on, to the utter exclusion of her own affairs. The list of engagements which she proudly exhibited

was positively appalling, and I have not even a speaking acquaintance with the objects of half of them! "Between the care of my family and

entertaining, I had no time at all for outside work," she confided to her friends. "And so I induced my husband to give up the house and take a flat, where you have no care concerning coal and water and gas and such mundane things. It is quite

like living, I assure you!" "I believe the boys are quite well," she replied to my question. "I saw the nurse for a few moments before going to the Geographical Society last evening. She said that Rex had a slight cough, but she had taken him to the doctor, and there was nothing serious the matter with him. Lowell left a note on my dressing table this morning asking if nurse might take them sleigh-riding today, so I presume they are hearty, as boys usually are." "And the girls?" I asked.

"I sent them to my sister for the winter. She is so very domestic and has no children of her own. So she asked me to let the girls go to her, and she will send them to a good school in Philadelphia, where they can be with her at night. It was quite a care off my mind, I assure you. so seldom saw them when at home, and they are really getting too large to be kept in the nursery any longer. I shall hall with delight the era when boys and girls are made wards of the nation, and put into government schools, and cared for till they are old enough to take care of themselves. It will give mothers who have an idea above a cook stove and a cradle an opportunity to grow. I can manage quite nicely now, for my husband eats at the club most of the time, and I take my meals wherever I happen to be. We have a co-operative cooking concern in connection with our establishment, where I get some of my meals, but the nurse does not like it, so she gets up her own and those of the boys. You see, I am quite free of care concerning the house and my family now, and can devote all my energies to ameliorating the condition of my less favored neighbors."

Why Marriage is a Failure. She said a great deal more, but it is not not long ago that "the principle of homebuilding has become dissipative, and not concentrative. We give morals over to the physical culture in the main, and then begin to discuss .'Is Marriage a Failure? Under such conditions it seems to me that the whole institution of life is a failure. As this woman was unfolding her scheme of living I couldn't help wondering whether she intended when she married to make her husband live at the club. Or, if he supposed when he made her his wife, and set up a new hearthstone, the time would ever come when his children would be given over to the care of servants and himself shut from the comforts of a home, that his wife might study Buddhism and Barneson contracts, teach the Digger In-dians to eat greens instead of grasshoppers and cannibals to wear corsets.

I have no quarrel to pick with emanci-

pated women. If they use the term in the sense that they have freed themselves from womanly attributes they have my profound sympathy. It is to mothers that I am talking: mothers whose social and financial position are such that they might make their homes veritable corners in Eden, if they would, yet who fail to have the slightest conception of trust that is vested in them. You seldom hear any nonsense from the middle-class mother about her children. She may regret that the new mouth to feed will make the portion of the others smaller, but she loves her little ones, cares them herself without complaint and protests vigorously against any infringement on her mother's right to so care for and educate them after her own fashion. You can't make her believe that a great big institution, presided over by hired nurses and teachers, is a good place for her little toddler, who is just begin-ning to lisp her name, and runs like a frightened partridge to the shelter of her arms when a stranger appears.

She wants her growing girl under her own eye, and her boys where she can put her hands on them any time of the day or night. She may be-nay, she probably is-uncultured and unlettered, but she feels in her heart that there is no creature on earth so endowed that it can take the place of one's own mother. Even the Indian mother, blanketed and uncivilized, has this same feeling for her offspring, and one of the saddest sights I have ever seen was an Indian mother's sorrow over the loss of her two little ones, who were taken away from her at the tender age of five to put them in a herd of three hundred others at an Indian school, hun dreds of miles removed from her. And more tragic grief was never expressed than you will find in the dormitories of these same schools, when night comes or and in the quiet of the long white-walled rooms those little ones sob out their lone-

As I have said, it is only the woman who has educated motherhood out of her heart and relegated her sacred duties to her servants that I have a grievance against. To such women the word "home" represents a place to cook and eat, wash sleep and, incidentally, to keep the children till they can be disposed of else-

The woman who gives up her home duties to engage unnecessarily in business or in church or social work, or who de-liberately puts away the clinging arms of her children for a "career," is committing a crime against nature, and as surely as the sun shines she will have it to answer for in some way. The influences in the home have everything to do with shaping the future of children-daughters, as well as the sons. Boys can't be expected to grow into home-loving, women-reverencmen, whose mothers never kissed them good-night or tucked them in bed when they were babes. They are sure to form their ideas of womankind on those have to deal with them in youth, and if it were to come to a choice between mother and nurse, ten chances to one if nurse doesn't win the day. And soothes him when hurt, consoles him when

Left to Servants.

Knowing nothing of the power of education herself, she elects to remain ignorant. and, sympathizing with her charge, she helps him to shirk his studies also. Her lower moral plane exactly suits him, because it is less trouble to keep up with it; her unschooled freedom of manner is much more charming to the complete the circuit of a galvanic battery, to which an electric bell is attached. In this case the bell is kent continuely. much more charming in his eyes than the ringing while the plant is growing the stilted culture of his cold mamma; nurse's stilted culture of his cold mamma; nurse's height of the width of the strips used, and friends represent to him all that is worth is silent while the pointer is passing over

is doing at school or on the playground or in his friends; not sheltered like his mother's poodle and lacking qualities that interesting from a missionary standpoint, the ordinary youth is at last transformed into the average man of the world, with small sense of moral obliga-tions and a large belief in the inefficacy of social institutions. Is he to blame for his cynicism? Or should the blame fall upon the mother who found street waifs and city slums, official life, foreign missions or a "career" objects of greater in-terest, more worthy her beneficent minis-trations than her own sons, who were turned over to servants, that her own selfish inclinations might be gratified?

And how much more than her sons do her daughters need her. Not long since some writer said that "A girl's chief chat in life its glotter wreenshood." But ject in life is to glorify womanhood." But how on earth can she do it, if she has ro one to teach her? Servants can't instruct your daughters in culture and grace. They can't teach them to be charitable and forgiving and high minded. They can't inculcate in your offspring a character for benevolence. They can't imbue your girls with a thirst for wider knowledge or lift them to a higher plane of living or help them explore "those paths, pure, womanly, which lead to the comfort, happiness and presperity of the home."

Truth to tell, there are too many Yellow Aster mothers in the world. Too many mothers who are looking for blue roses and black dahlias. Too many mothers who are pinning their hope of salvation to works. Too many mothers who are trying to make God believe that He made a mistake when He created them women and gave them children to care for.

There are also, alas! too many children

who are growing up in that same belief.
And it is an awful thing to lose faith in one's mother.

SENORA SARA.

SELF-ADORNED HOMES.

Mr. Fenthers Finds in Them the Genesis of Future American Art.

"I am inclined to think," said Mr. Feathers, toying with an almond shell at the side of his plate and looking up with a pleasant expression on his benevolent features, "that the artistic education of our people and their advancement to a plane where they can appreciate the ideals of beauty will be brought about from the genesis of the self-adornment of our homes. I have been led to this opinion by many things that have come under my observation, both remote and contemporary. I was first struck many years ago by the influence of the beautiful upon an ignorant mind. My grandmother was the mistress of art embroidery and her colored girl watched her as she worked with silk and filagree. One day the creature bashfully brought to her for inspection a rough and grotesque design she had worked herself with cast-off ravelings upon an old piece of satin. But that is retrospective, although it shows the stimulation art gives to imitation. Recently you have probably observed the tendency of women to embroider on linen. Why, there are stores in this city devoted entirely to the sale of linen and silk and stamped designs. Well, I have a granddaughter, a very charming, sensible and intelligent girl, and when I called upon her sweet and, I must confess, terribly spoilt mother the other night, Caroline carried me off on a tou through the house. In her own room she proudly displayed a bureau cover, a wash-stand cloth, and the splatter cloth back of it, a table cover and framerous doylies all worked beautifully in dainty forget-me-nots. The mother's room was equipped with the same articles worked in chrysanthemums; blushing red roses reigned in her big brother's amertment and other floral designs were faithfully adhered to in the two other sleeping rooms in the house You cannot imagine the attractive charm which the dear gift's handiwork had added to those modestly furnished apartments and I noticed that William-that's her brother-had placed a very well executed canvas, representing a riotous bunch of send dear Caroline-some gimeracks in deli because I thought they would harmonize so nicely with her blue forget-me-nots Ah, yes," concluded the old gentleman with a sigh "the prevailing desire to make our homes beautiful, no matter how simple they are, will be the stepping stone by which the future generations will be elevated to a proper conception of all that is contained in that immense word, art."

HEELS AND TOES.

Why Women Use the Former and Men the Latter in Muddy Weather.

In your issue of the 12th instant a philosophical "Old Colonel" propounds the question as to why it happens that a woman, when she comes to a wet or muddy street crossing, always "pulls up her skirts, ele vates her toes in the air and pecks across on her heels." while a man, under like conditions, invariably travels on his toes. The answer to this question, so far as concerns the performance of the man, is very simple. He uses his toes because the back lower edges of his trousers, which he is not permitted by custom or expediency to raise, a la femme, would certainly be soil ed if he used his heels. This theory may not find substantiation in the habits of that specimen of the genus homo who, regardless of the weather, rolls his trousers up to high-water mark, in order to be "English you know," but I am speaking only of accountable people. If, aside from the comprehensive and sufficient "because." woman's actions, the following facts may perhaps explain her manner of locomotion under the conditions given: The heels of women's shoes are higher and the soles much thinner than those on the shoes of men. The use of her heels in crossing wet places, therefore, affords a better guaran tee against damp or cold feet. Then, too under ordinary circumstances, a woman's heels are much less in evidence than her toes, and for this reason are far more appropriate for contact with mud. It cannot be denied that appearances do amount to OBSERVER. something with women. Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, 1895;

To Wash Silk Underclothing.

From the New York Evening World. Wash the silk underclothing in warm (no hot) water and preferably with soap; soaking and very hot water will inevitably discolor and shrink the garments. Moreover, they should be washed alone and never boiled on any account. If they are much soiled, a few drops of ammonia may be added to the water with advantage. The great secret about the washing of silk is to do it as quickly as possible without rubbing. Rinse in lukewarm water, and at once squeeze the articles gently and let them nearly dry, but do not use pegs in nanging them up; simply spread them over a line or horse. While still damp they should be laid on a table, carefully pulled into shape and rolled in a clean cloth. If the clothes have become too dry, this cloth should be evenly damped. Iron carefully all along the thread of the material. Cold rain water is always good to use for deli-cate substances, and for white silk it is especially good mixed with one part of ammonia to twelve of water.

Seeing and Hearing Plants Grow.

From the St. Louis Republic. growth of plants both audible and visible, but the modus operandi in the "latest improved" experiments is as follows: In order to make the growth of a very vigorous plant visible, a fine platinum wire should be carefully attached to the growing part. The other end of this wire should be attached to a pencil pressing gently against a drum which is being driven by clock work. If the growth be uniform a straight line is marked on the paper, but the very slightest increase is shown by inclined

A slight modification of this arrangement renders the growth audible. In this experiment the drum must be covered with platinum foils of a certain width, and sep arated from each other by spaces about one-eighth of an inch

These strips of platinum should be made

HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS

Pauline Pry Asks Some Interesting and Pertinent Questions.

AIMS AND RESULTS OF EDUCATION

In Regard to the Future the Girls Don't Mention Marriage.

WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE

Written Exclusively for The Evening Star. HAT SHALL WE do with our girls?" is

gaging the attention of the United States Senate. During the progress of the detate on an item of the District appropriation bill to provide \$100,000 for the erection of a business high school,

a distinguished Senater from New England laid it down as a aw of common sense that it would be a great deal more to the point of Washington's educational necessities if, instead of extending High School facilities, an appropriation were made for public cooking and ewing schools for girls.

Said the Senator: "I would make a fair knowledge of all plain sewing, and even perhaps the simpler elements of dressmakng, compulsory on the girls; and they should also learn how to cook all the ordinary and necessary dishes in a respectable family. Then employment could be found for many of them, not alone as good wives, but to work in other families.

Sewing Girls and Cooks.

"Ask your wives whether it is easy,in this city of 250,000 inhabitants, with thousands of people complaining that they cannot make a living, to get a real good seamstress to come and sew for your family at your house in the good, sensible, old-fashioned way. I venture to say that you will find a serious difficulty in satisfying yourself. If you do not, you will be more for-tunate in that respect than others, and your experience will be different from that with which I am familiar. In this direction a great many women, colored and white, would find employment.

"So with cooking. It is not a small job to find-I do not say a French chef; of course that is not difficult if you pay enough-but it is no small job to find a good cook for an ordinary family; and very girl who goes out of the common schools ought to be able to step in and take comfortable care of an ordinary me-chanic's or workingman's family. It is in he interest of health also that they should be taught what is good food, and how it should be prepared and cooked. That is my idea of a high school. That would be a useful addition to the common schools."

The Reform in Operation. This seratorial suggestion of a way out of the woman question, servant question

and high school question seemed to offer such a simple solution of all these problems that instantly I heard it mentioned She said a great deal more, but it is not necessary to quote her. Now, I wonder how many mothers who read this are going to let heresies of this kind divorce in the special picture and formely looked in the special picture had formely looked how what they were going to do about have written out for me these answers to man's highest aim.

Still, I daresay, this assertion is dogman's highest aim.

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Still, I daresay, this assertion is dogman's highest aim. that the senatorial panacea for poor cooks. no seamstresses and worthless wives was applied in the Washington public schools several years ago. The study of cooking ard sewing for girls is made as compulsory as it is possible to make the study of any single branch in the public school system A girl is excused only for good and suffilent reason assigned by her parents. Sew ing is taught in all the schools in the third fourth, fifth and sixth grades. In addition to the instruction in class, there are con ducted for the whites four and for the colored girls three dressmaking where cutting and fitting are taught as a

part of the course in sewing. There are twenty free cooking schools exclusive of those operated in connection with the night schools. At these schools about 3,000 girls are being taught to cook incidental to their seventh and eighth years in the graded schools.

Thus is revealed the Senator's reform in operation, and "What shall we do with our girls?" is no clearer than it was before the Senate took up the question. It occurred to me then that I'd give the girls themselves a chance at the matter.

I'd hear from them what they have done, would do, could do, what their parents have done before them-in short, obtain a comprehensive idea of whether they are or are not receiving a practical education. Education is Not All. Right here I want to point out a fact

commonly overlooked whenever the public school question is under consideration. The training a child gets in school is but one factor in determining its education. There are others-heredity, environment, the habits, aims, attainments of parents, character of associates and the free exercise outside of school of the individual tendencies of the child. The bearing of all this on the education of a child public schools or other schools may modify, but cannot control. Furthermore, to educate is not to add to

nature, but to bring out nature, compre-hended and co-ordinated by the mind. It is not to make mechanics of boys who have it in them to be mechanics; it is not to make cooks of girls who have it in them to be cooks, simply because there is more keepers, or because a United States Senstor fails to get his cooking done to suit him. You may teach a boy to forge; he isn't perforce a blacksmith. You may teach a girl to sew; she isn't therefore a seamstress. Oh, I want to get up on a stump and throw rocks and things at Senators and everybody else who argue profoundly about practical education without having a glimmer of knowledge of what Let me tell you something to the point of

how much great men sometimes know of the questions they discuss and settle.

Senatorial Wisdom. During the same debate on the Business High School appropriation, in which girls were set upon, not one, but several grave and reverend seignors, arose, flapped their ears solemnly, and talked fore and aft about the wisdom of teaching commercial geometry in the public schools. One or two with that spirit of humility so beautiful to behold associated with infinite wisdom, confessed they did i't know what commercial geometry is, thereby indicating not any of anybody's knowing more. One or two other Senators, while not claiming to be versed in the science of commercial ge-ometry, still, by the application of a profound knowledge of the essence of all things, were able to assert for the information of the Senate that the debate might intelligently proceed-"commercial geometry is clearly geometry studied for commercial purposes." Eventually, after considerable expense of valuable time and more valuable energy, it was agreed that commercial geometry might properly continue on the list of studies of the Business High School, and-that I should have to tell it-all the while commercial geometry Business High School. The list includes as written down—"commercial geo.," that is, geography. Yet who would dare suspect Senators of jumping at a conclusion or engaging to fight a windmill?

I would, and therefore I snap my fingers in the face of their conclusion of what's best to be done with our girls.

The Higher Aim Fad. The fact of the matter is, nobody has

any business dictating what's best for girls who hasn't been a girl, and not the fact that he once wore dresses qualifies any man to exercise this privilege. No; and I wish I could bar a great deal else that has worn dresses from the privilege of the laws of his country and tries to help others obey them." teaching girls—every one of those strange creatures clad now in divided skirts, who count brains and the ballot all women's

crowning glory.

It would be a great public charity if somebody would hire a hall and let me "A good citizen is peaceful, honest and just."

Such and similar are the views of our

preach to girls about the vanity of brains.
I've had them myself and can preach from experience—had them until I know all about the intellectual gluttony that in the properties of black the state of the properties of the propert name of higher education and higher aims is creating widespread disorder among wo-

A woman I know-you know her, too, doubtless, and are familiar with the clever literary work she does-a literary woman, who now nevertheless, by the providence of a bitter disappointment, is feebly striving to dig through the mire of excessive mentality to find her heart and soul; this woman in a fit of rebellion against the existing order of things lately tried to commit suicide. She swallowed a load of lau-danum, and then, like many another who has for variety's sake played suicide to the gallery gods of his vanity, directly she had swallowed the stuff, she went howling for help. When, after having been walk-ed the night through, she was permitted to go to sleep, she had not the pleasant dreams opium is advertised in China to produce. She says she firmly believes, she had a foretaste of her future punishment. She seemed to exist an independent, form-less, something having the power of surveying her soul, which was set upon by myriad hideous imps that she perceived were her sins. Her soul itself was a horrible deformity-head, arms, legs, trunk, all distorted to extend in one single dia conundrum that rection, and a voice from somewhere told has recently been enher this deformity was the result of having during life concentrated her energie upon a single purpose. In a word, this was a vision of a woman's brain developed

according to the higher aims of this world taking judgment in the next. The Appetite for Knowledge.

But the opium revelation of this woman is not sufficient to make you understand, if you don't, that an appetite for knowledge is every bit as carnal as an appetite for

Modern physiologists are able to trace the correspondence between thought and the physical processes of the brain; and modern philosophy, therefore, includes thought in the material world, a function of the body. There is, then, in accord with this fact demonstrated by science, nothing in knowledge per se which renders it superior to the food we put in our stomachs. Each is acquired to satisfy a natural appetite. Each is, under proper conditions, assimilated by the body to nourish the body, and both are inter-operative in the functions they sustain-the process of di-gestion and that of thought, as everybody knows in his own experience, being mutually dependent in results. Indigestion knocks out the philosopher, and philosophy controlling the emotions as frequently aids digestion. There is, then, nothing nobler in feeding your mind than in feeding your stomach, and devouring books to gain knowledge, or because one loves books, is, as your physiclogy demonstrates, no more meritorious than stuffing roast beef to make you fat, or because it tastes good. To read, to study, to think, for the sake of gaining knowledge-to taste your meat, to swallow it and be full.

Conan Doyle has cleverly summed up the value of tearning in relation to the purpose of life and enunciated what occurs to me as the most comprehensive and simplest solution of the education problem on record. His great creation, Sherlock Holmes, is an epitome of the methods of criminals, and his apparently occult powers of detecting crime are explained by his minute familiarity with the history of crime. But his ignorance of much that is commonplace in the understanding of others causes his friend to marvel, whereupon Sherlock Holmes defines his plan of education thus: 'I never learn anything until I need to know it. Thus I waste no energy acquiring In all their varied schemes of life they

High School Girls.

This seems to me indisputably to define a practical education, and by this commonsense standard of the excellence of human attainments I have measured certain data attainments I have measured certain data concerning the education of girls gathered reveals false notions of dignity and wofrom 156 separate sources. That number man's highest aim.

of girls in attendance upon the High School Still, I daresay, this assertion is dog-1. What is your father's education-col-

lege, high school, etc.? 2. What is your mother's education?
3. What is your father's occupation?

4. What is your mother's occupation? 5. Why are you attending the High 6. How is your time occupied outside of

7. What are you reading? 8. What is your aim in life?
9. If you were thrown on your own re-

ources today, how could you earn a liv-10. Define briefly your idea of a good cit-The manifestly mischievous absurdity of

educating children to become intellectua the questions concerning parents for the purpose of determining what, if any, lack of harmony in this particular exists as result of the inducements of free high schools. The answers disclose that uniformly the girls pursuing a high school course have parents who have enjoyed similar privileges. Thus is indicated not only no confusion resulting between parents and children in consequence of the idvanced studies of the high school, but incidentally notice there is shown in this also that the theory of sustaining high schools at public expense-to provide all with an opportunity for advanced studyis in effect to sustain a school for the benefit of none but educated, well-conditioned parents. The financial condition of the families represented in the high school is expressed in the answers to the question What is your mother's occupation?" Out of 156 queried but ten indicated circumstances requiring the mother to have an occupation yielding money returns.

Why They Go to School.

More than 50 per cent of the girls go to the high school aimlessly, animated only by that false regard for the value of intellectual attainments apart from some clearly defined end in view that makes what is roughly denominated by earnest persons "educated fools."

"I attend the high school because it is not too expensive, and because the education is a good, sensible one." "I attend the high school to complete my

education more. "I come to the high school because want to learn something and because I From the Pall Mall Budget. enjoy coming."
"I am attending the high school for the

purpose of attaining a broader and higher knowledge of things in general." "I attend the high school for the sake of the education which I gain thereby." Six girls out of the whole 156 were able to declare the distinct purpose of at tending the high school in order to enter the normal school. One girl stated her purpose was to fit herself for a medical chool. Ten are preparing for college, and

thirty-seven have the general intention of

becoming teachers.

A large majority of the girls in designating their occupations outside of school hours revealed sweet, simple lives, har-moriously adjusted to their homes and their youth. Two-thirds do a certain amount of housework-tending their own rooms, doing the marketing, dusting the parlers, &c. The remaining one-third divide their time between study, reading visiting and music. One summed up her occupation outside of school hours, "In having as good a time as possible;" another said she spent her time studying and sleeping, while another to the same category added eating.

Books They Read. What the girls read is so uniformly

standard in character as to suggest the potency of careful school teachers in this matter, though several of the girls announced themselves as reading "Trilby," which possibly indicates the confusion likely to arise when a brash book gets scored to the credit of a good artist. Or it may be there is an edition of "Trilby" expurgated for the consumption of school girls. Is there? In securing a definition of a good citizen

from the girls, the object was to ascertain now near their minds come to a realization of the ideal, to preserve which, in theory, our free schools were created. It seems to me the girls are a credit to their country on this count. Certainly the

girl who defined a good citizen as a "sober, honest American" can have no fault found with her loyal estimate of the nationality necessary to good citizenship.
"A true Christian will make a good citi-

But, oh! if ye have tears prepare to shed them now on learning the aims of our girls. To record these aims in full would require too much space. Of the 156 girls queried 125 are aiming at a professio

Some Aims in Life.

Seventeen additional, while not yet fixed upon a profession, are still so strong-minded as the following indefinite ambitions in-

"My aim is to promote the rights of women.'

"My aim is to earn my own living." "My aim is to be a good, self-reliant woman; a help, not a burden to those with

whom I come in contact, and, if possible, to study medicine."
"My aim in life is to eventually raise and help the mass of ignorant people who waste what little they have for want of knowledge, and are miserable and oppressed; to do this by writing of them just as they are, or by personal influence, teaching and living and working among them." To be a good, independent woman.

"My aim is to be an independent woman.' Then, after the would-be professional and independent women, are sixteen girls "My aim is sentimental in this way:

"My aim in life is to help my father and mother and take care of them when they get old, as good as they have me."

"My aim is to grow up a woman worthy of the name."

of the name." "My aim in life is to be a comfort to my friends by always making others hap-

"To be a good woman."

"To be a womanly woman."

Just four girls of the entire 156 aim to be a good housekeeper. One couples this ambition with that of being also a society belle. Another has an all around domestic ambition that must delight her grandmother or a New England Senator.
"My aim in life is to keep house, make

my own dresses, cook a good meal and take care of my mother." In the matter of perceiving what they could do if thrown on their own resources at the present time the girls bravely recon-cile their higher aims with stern necessities, and show the spirit of a true Ameri-

One who writes down her aim to be a lady says: "If thrown on my own re-sources I would do anything except beg." Another, who has the purely altruistic ambition of being a comfort to her friends, if thrown on her own resources would do plain sewing, darning or anything about a house."

Another says she would "do anything but give up in despair and die of cold or starvation." Another, who aims to elevate humanity, professes both ability and willingness to

be a governess or "scrub and scour beau-tifully." Another says she can't think what she would do for a living, but she would certainly "fly around" and do something.

Another says 'It would be impossible for me to earn my own living today, but the calamity would likely send something to me, as it's an ill wind that blows no good." Several girls say they had never before thought that they might have to earn a

Marriage Not in View. But this is the startling, painful dis-

they might do.

living, and so are unable to suggest what

covery I make among all these girls' revealed ambitions. Not one among the whole eight score is aiming to get married. that which renders me no service. Thus, also, I am able to keep the storehouse of my mind free from rubbish and have space always for the orderly arrangement of every thought I get."

In all their varies schemes of the they have not a thought of men or matrimony, and, by the same token, I declare their education is not practical. Whether public schools, parents or the unholy zeal of the female suffrage agitators abroad over the learning to th the land is to blame I don't know. But so much is clear: Girls cannot be so universally false to nature that out of 156 of them none should include a husband and a home of their own in reckoning on their future, and that not one was frank enough

know what I am talking about. Perhaps Third was king and I was young. Perhaps girls nowadays would really rather be intellectual than be married and love science and art better than boys. In that case there's nothing to be done with our girls. They are all right. But what shall we do

with our boys?
Will the United States Senate please settle this question, and oblige, Yours for progress PAULINE PRY.

LUNCHES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The Experiment of Serving Hygienic Food at Mederate Prices.

From the New York Times. The experiment tried at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of serving hygienic luncheons to the students has proved an entire success. It has a patronage of between 300 and 400 a day, and has not only paid its running expenses, but in three years has paid all the cost of its establishment. It is interesting to note that the appetites of its patrons have grown with what they have fed upon, the average prices having steadily increased from 19 cents the first year to 21 the second and 22 last year. Two typical menus for a 15-cent luncheon are: 1, pea soup, two bread sticks, crackers and butter; 2, corned beef hash, biscuit, apple sauce. A bill of fare for one day in December shows: 

Corn bread..... Chicken and macaroni...... 15 cts. Baked Indian pudding with cream.. 10 cts. The institute lunch room purchases daily in bulk a number of dishes prepared by the New England kitchen, thus securing the most wholesome cooking.

Fish balls, three for...... 10 cts.

The question of school luncheons is a wide-reaching one. Seeds of future ill health are, more often than mothers imagine, sown in the hasty consumption in the room recess of the pastry cook's products.
At no time is good and nourishing food more important or its absence more harmful than to the growing child, hungry and craving, and hard at work in the modern torcing educating process.

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern. Egg on the port, Glory of youth glowed in his soul.
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he sailed on a day Over the sea to Skye. Give me again all that was there.

Sing me a sort of a lad that is gone, Say, could that lad be I? Merry of soul he safled on a day

Over the sea to Skye. Billow and breeze, islands and seas, ountains of rain and sun, that was good, all that was fair,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Income Tax Suggestion.

All that was m

From the New York Tribune. "I have an idea," said the scoffer. "Some people-a good many people, in fact-have a weakness for magnifying their incomes. I don't mean, of course, the fellow who has an income of \$5,000 a year and lives at the rate of \$20,000 a year, so long as his creditors will stand it. But there is the chap who likes to make you think he's a devil of a fellow for making money. I don't know why it is, but there are lots of such people. They seem to fancy that you will think a great deal more of them if you believe that they are money-makers. Well, here is a fine chance for them. What is to prevent men whose incomes range from \$2,000 to \$3,500, or, for that matter, from \$200 up, from acknowledging to the internal revenue collector an income of \$4,100? They will have to pay a tax of 2 per cent on \$100, of course, but that will amount to only \$2, and think of the fun they will have complaining about the trouble and fuss of making out the blarks and the injustice of having to pay a tax just because a man has brains enough to make money. Fun!

FOR HEADACHE AND INDIGESTION

It will be worth \$2 to them a dozen times

others obey them."

"A person who obeys the laws of his country and uses whatever power he may pessess in bettering its condition."

"A good citizen is peaceful, honest and just."

Such and similar are the views of our

"Buch and similar are the views of our others."

"Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A prominent physician of Buffalo, N. Y., says of it: "I have severe headaches, and it relieves them. I am fond of the pleasures of the table, and as a consequence of my indulgence there, I have to pay the penalty. It divides penalty with me. Indeed it is an indispensable article to me."